

Duty

by superninja

Category: Star Wars

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 1999-07-12 09:00:00

Updated: 1999-07-12 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 10:39:57

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,082

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Obi-Wan story. Attempts to explain why Ben joined the Clone Wars, and why he was ever called..Ben

Duty

> <meta name="Generator"> It has always been my duty to serve

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Hiyap! These characters belong to GL, who it is my duty to serve! No profit is being made from this story.

This story came about as part of a messageboard discussion on two subjects 1) How does Obi-Wan get involved in the Clone Wars and 2) Does he go by the name Ben Kenobi because he needed to hide from Vader, or because he was no longer a jedi at that point. In A New Hope, he tells Luke, "I was ONCE a jedi knight, like your father." That made a couple of us question whether or not he willingly takes the name, or if he reverts to it because he's no longer a knight! You decideâ€¦|

—

It has always been my duty to serve.

My whole life has been wound around that act, and I have let it lie there unquestioned. Now everything I believe in is threatening to unravel. How can I serve others, when my only desire is to serve my own heart? It is not the way of the jedi â€" it is a selfish act. Yet as I watch them together, day in and day out, I feel utter jealousy blacken my soul.

—

"Obi-Wan."

He turned at the hushed whispered that echoed down the long, dark hall. His mind quickened as he tried to discern the source from shadows and statues.

"Obi-Wan. Here."

Recognizing the voice then, he made his way apprehensively towards it. Stepping around the tall, smooth statue, he waited.

Amidala stepped out into the light filtering in through the tall window. The area they were in was shut down every night, like many other parts of Coruscant, to conserve energy. It was a formal facility, and was not often used except when the occasion required. But Amidala knew that when Obi-Wan was troubled, he often came here and paced the long corridor. The smooth, dark metal statues that pressed against the walls met gigantic proportions as they reached to the ceiling and completed the ribs of the arched roof. The cool floors were made of tile from a dark green stone, intertwined with flecks of rare black glass. Overall the feeling was of being underground, in the long corridors of machinery than ran the city-planet. Except for the light. It poured in from paned windows that reached to the ceiling, and fell to the floor creating a pattern of sharp shards across the length of the narrow room.

She stood before him, hooded in verdant robes that blended well with the surrounding environment. He waited for her to speak knowing that there was a reason for her secrecy. They spoke openly in public, so for her to appear at this place it must be a matter of great urgency.

"I'm sorry to disturb your evening stroll," she said quietly, and he though he caught the slightest smirk on the rosy lips peeking out from below her cowl. "But I must speak to you."

"What about?" he asked authoritatively.

She paused then for a moment to gather her words somewhat silenced by the curt way in which he had addressed her. His attitude as of late had changed. He seemed also to be growing more distant, more cold and aloof. "It's about Anakin," she answered painfully.

Obi-Wan breathed deeply with understanding. "You mean his behavior, no doubt."

"Yes," she answered, and glanced up at him, surprised at his understanding. "I am afraid for him."

"This is a very difficult period for a padawan. Anakin's training has not been easy on him," he paused for a moment when her eyes met his, then tore them quickly away and gazed down to the floor. "He was not raised with it from birth, like myself," he continued, "Instead, he has been forced to relearn everything he has been taught. To trust in a new way of living, a new life."

She turned away from him suddenly, frustrated at his perceived acceptance of her husband's new behavior. "It's not thatâ€¦it's something else!"

"Your highness, he's facing the trials soon, it's an extremely stressful time."

She turned back towards him, her hands extended towards him, her palms open, pleading. "I can't explain it. It's like man I love, the man I married, all the kindness, the compassion has been sucked out of him, and replaced with somethingâ€¦" she fumbled frantically for the words.

"Something dark," he answered slowly.

"Yes," she answered again, nodding towards him. This time he understood.

"Amidala," he said with sudden fervor, "you must be careful of him." The warning in his voice was unmistakable.

"Obi-Wan, please!" she said, jerking away as he reached for her. Her hood fell backward revealing a mass of unruly curls spilling over her shoulders. "I said I was afraid FOR him, not afraid OF him!"

"You don't understand, Amidala!" he thundered at her. His voice echoed through the halls until they were both standing perfectly still. He had never spoken to her like that before. His tone changed from one of anger to one of pity in a matter of seconds. "He may not be your Anakin anymore."

The look of pain that crossed her face made his chest hurt. "I don't understandâ€¦" she trailed off, then looked into his blue-gray eyes, yearning for an explanation.

"The Dark Side, Amidala." He spoke it more as a warning than an actual truth. "He has always been susceptible to it."

"But you are his teacher," she pleaded with him, grabbing his wrists which were tucked neatly into his robe. "Surely you can protect him?"

He looked at her as though her touch had burned him. "Once he has started down that path, it will consume him, and everything in his wake." His hand reached up to caress her face, and she shied away. "If he has truly embraced the darkness, then the man you loved is gone."

"No," she said, withdrawing her hands, "I don't believe you. You're talking about him as though he is already dead."

"There is nothing more for me to do," he spoke to her. "I have nothing left to teach him. Soon, he will be a Jedi, or a Sith, and I cannot stop it either way."

"But you are his friend!" she cried, "You loved him as a brother once. Please don't desert him in this desperate hour!"

Obi-Wan's shoulders stooped ever so slightly when she finished. "The most I can do is take your warning to the Jedi Council. Perhaps they

will decide on a plan of action."

"No!" she reached for his arm again, and he turned back towards her, as though drawn to her like a magnet. "I can't betray him, Obi-Wan. If the council discovers this, they will try to destroy him. He is not evil," she pleaded, "There is good in him yet, I can still sense it!"

His gaze turned away from her again, and fell to the floor beside them. It was destroying him inside to see her beg for his help. Yet, he could do nothing for Anakin. It was forbidden by the jedi code when a padawan reached the trials that would decide whether or not he to become a jedi knight. It was his creed, his way of life. And yet the thing he wanted more than anything else was to help Amidala "to take her away to someplace safe, where he could protect her and love her. *Where she would belong to me and me alone.* He winced outwardly as his thoughts finally betrayed him. He could no longer deny his feelings. He was in love with her. More than that, he desired her, more than anything else in life " more than being a jedi and all it stood for, more than his own life, and more than Anakin's. He would give anything for her. The truth of it dawned on him, and he pushed her away slightly in fear, as words echoed in his head. He would even betray the jedi for her.

"I can't," he finally choked out. "Please, forgive me." He placed his lips to her feverish forehead, and kissed it gently, and held her to him for a moment. Then, he turned and walked away as fast as he could without running.

Amidala stood alone in a daze until he was gone. When the door closed behind him, it echoed through the halls, shaking her back into reality. Only then did she place her hood back over her head, and melt into the shadows in silence.

"I'm sorry you had to see that my young friend."

The hollow voice echoed through the long chamber, and the two men passed through the spiked shafts of light that fell from above. "But I knew you would not believe it save with your own eyes."

The younger man, tall and blonde, stopped in mid-step and stood in silence as the older man shifted slowly towards the door on the other side of the hall. When he did not follow, the older man twisted in his dark robes towards him like a writhing serpent. He watched the youth, his only emotion betrayed by the quickened pace of his breathing, the soft flare of his nostrils, the hushed air that pushed past his lips through clenched teeth. Even in the dark, the older man could see the hatred forming in his deep blue eyes.

It made him smile.

"What you request is not possible, Obi-Wan," Mace Windu spoke to the other man, frowning. "You may not become involved in this conflict."

Obi-Wan stood before them his head out towards the horizon as the

jedi council encircled him. Each of his elders looked on, some unable to mask their obvious disappointment and concern. "Bail Organa has formally requested the assistance of the Jedi," Kenobi answered, "I do not see why we cannotâ€¦"

"Because it is not the way of the Jedi!" Mace replied. "We are peacekeepers, we do not make war. For thousands of centuries, we have honored this."

"Obi-Wan," Ki-Adi-Mundi started suddenly out of his chair, "You must not do this! You are sabotaging yourself!"

The younger man simply stiffened his back, clenching his hands behind him tightly, as Master Windu waved Mundi back into his seat.

"Great fear do I sense in you," Yoda spoke softly and sighed. "But no solution is this! You must face your darkness or forever run from it!"

"If you do this," Mace Windu said with warning, "you will no longer be a Jedi. Your life's work will be for nothing." He stared down the younger man, challenging him to reply.

"And Master Qui-Gon's," Ki-Adi-Mundi added with sadness.

Silence filled the room as Obi-Wan stared down Mace Windu. They wanted an answer. So, he gave it to them.

"So be it."

A strange sadness fell over the room, and Mace Windu, defeated, was the last to speak.

"Then from this day forth, you are no longer Obi-Wan Kenobi, the Jedi Knight. You must take the name you were given at birthâ€¦ Ben Kenobi."

Each of the council members followed, saying the name aloud as Kenobi stood before them. When it was done, he turned on his heels and left, never to see the Jedi temple again.

He would leave this place, Coruscant. His home for as long as he could remember. He would go with Bail Organa to fight a war he knew nothing of.

And then, he would forget.

The End

End
file.